

said to Isaac, My son, it is you that I am going to sacrifice unto the Lord, for so



he has commanded me. I willingly consent, said Isaac; it is from God that I received my life, and I ought to return it him since it his pleasure. Then Abraham piled up the wood, bound his son Isaac, put him on the wood, and took a great knife in his hand to cut off his head; but an angel of the Lord came and stopped his

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arm, and said to him, Do not kill him, for God only wanted to know whether you both obey him. Then Abraham took the ram, and offered him for an offering, instead of his son, and returned with satisfaction to the

*Miss Harriot.* I was very much surprised, Mademoiselle, for poor Isaac; he was going to be killed.

*Miss Julia.* But, Mademoiselle, how wicked thing to kill a man. God to command a wicked action.

*Mademoiselle.* It is not always a wicked action to kill a man, my dear. Sometimes that a great many are killed in war, the soldiers kill their enemies, and committing a sin. Besides, you see, God did not intend Isaac should be killed, and Abraham, who knew that, was just and wise, said within himself, God has commanded me to do it.